# THE JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair.

Let Mr. Cleveland say it. Let him say it out loud, and without qualification or equivocation.

The indications are that Joe Manley will never have another opportunity to engage in any premature surrendering for Tom Reed.

The delegates returning from St. Louis are all too tired to cheer and ratify, and that seems to be the condition of the entire country.

Italy is being eaten up by taxation. Yet McKinley has the hardihood to attempt to induce the American people to believe that they can tax themselves into prosperity.

Mr. McKinley has entered upon his herculean task of trying to keep the financial question out of the campaign. But there is danger that he may exhaust his stock of tariff platitudes.

The Administration has unloaded a very one-sided fight on to Mr. Whitney, but the ex-Secretary doesn't belong to that class which the Almighty despises on account of their inclination to quit.

The Detroit Tribune has repudiated the gold plank of the St. Louis Convention, and declares the action of the party in Congress will not be governed by it. Thus does the Canton idea spread.

When the power of the Administration was being used last year to bring about Democratic defeat in Maryland and Kentucky it was at the same time adding strength and force to the cause of silver. The silver movement was the first stopping-off place for those who were disgusted with Clevelandism.

The comments of the silver men on Mr. Whitney's attitude show that he is the very man to go to Chicago to reason with the extremists. They respect Mr. Whitney because he is a Democrat who has respect for the opinions of those who may happen to differ with him. They admire the ex-Secretary because he is actuated by love of his party, and not by a selfish desire to fasten himself on to the favors the Democratic party has to dispense.

## SILVER AND SECTIONALISM.

In Europe, always solicitous for the welfare of this Republic, apprehensions are expressed lest the financial question may develop a line of cleavage between East and West as deep and dangerous as that drawn by slavery between North and South. Such fears would be dispelled by a little more thorough understanding of the situation.

It is true that the silver issue has temporarily a sectional tinge, but even if the geographical division were much sharper than it really is, it would not imply any lasting estrangement between East and West. The great routes of communication in this country follow parallels of latitude. The tides of population and business are continually surging back and forth across the Continent, and they would wash out any line of division if one could be drawn.

But there are indications that the sectional character of the silver dispute is not as marked as is generally supposed, and that what there is of it is largely due to the workings of our political machinery. In the beginning there were naturally more silver men in the West and South than in the East, because more Western and Southern people owed money. It happened, therefore, that politicians who wished to stand well with their constituents were inclined to favor silver in the West and South and to oppose it in the East. The result has been that for twenty years the machinery of politics has been used to cultivate silver sentiment in one part of the country and to suppress it in the other. This would naturally intensify the original differences, and yet in spite of the efforts of the politicians we find enough Eastern silver sentiment to control local conventions in Maine and New York, and enough Western and Southern gold sentiment to carry South Dakota and ...ode Island.

...seems plain that if it had not been ...e interest of the politicians to ... local feeling—if, for instance, ...ilver question had been submitted ...referendum, so that the leading ...hroughout the country could have expounded their genuine beliefs without the fear of harming their political prospects—gold would have been much stronger than now in the West and South, and silver much stronger in the East. Even as it is, a vote would show a much more even distribution of the respective forces than is generally supposed to exist.

## STILL SILENT.

William McKinley, Jr., candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States, is curiously dilatory in forming his convictions. Men asked him before the Republican convention what views he held upon the currency question, but received no answer. Excuse was then made that it would not be proper for a candidate to assert his own opinion in advance of the formal declaration of the convention of his party. It was not a very strong excuse, but it served.

But we have had now the convention, the nomination and the platform. Republicans have declared for sound money—that is, if reiteration of the word gold is equivalent to a declaration for sound money. But McKinley is still as silent as ever. To the procession of the faithful through Canton he talks tariff and nothing else. He is the Mrs. Partington of politics, and with a sorely battered tariff broom is striving to sweep back the rising tide of currency discussion.

Six weeks ago it seemed impossible that the Republican candidate for the Presidency could be defeated. Now his defeat is not only possible, but probable. The American voter hates a coward.

## DOUBTFUL FRIENDS.

Once again the New York Democrats who hope to avert a free silver declaration by their party are compelled to beg that they may be saved from their friends. The Evening Post, professing to be antagonistic to free silver, engages in the campaign in a fashion which will multiply free silver votes. For Mr. Whitney's conservative and tolerant platform the Post has naught but ridicule, and it is clearly getting ready to apply its last and most unanswerable argument and call Mr. Whitney an Anarchist.

It is perfectly clear that maintenance of the single gold standard in the face of wide popular disapproval is wholly impossible, and it is even clearer to people who stop to think, and who are intelligent, that if it were politically possible it would be commercially inadvisable. The necessities of the business situation no less than the convictions of the people demand bimetallism. Mr. Whitney, who has undertaken to champion the cause of sound money within the Democratic party, recognizes this fact. But when he pleads for bimetallism, and cites competent students of the currency question in support of his position, he meets the unqualified disapproval of the Sun and the Evening Post. One sneers and the other berates.

Only ignorant persons or utterly impracticable college professors talk about bimetallism, it seems. Promise of international agreement is dangerous, because it encourages the silver fanatics. There is no likelihood of foreign aid to the United States in reinstating silver as money of ultimate redemption—though yesterday dispatches spoke otherwise. The "double standard" is a chimera, and hardly one competent English financier indorses it. College professors and theorists of that ilk may write about bimetallism, but they, as the Evening Post suggests, haven't a pound sterling in their pockets to care for. The Sun goes further than the Post, describing the collegian as a person without influence—a view which the Post will scarcely approve.

These papers both are normally Democratic. Each would be put in a most embarrassing position if the Democratic convention should declare for free silver. Yet both, because of intolerance or bigotry, have arrayed themselves against the only man who is likely to avert such a declaration. They cry for gold and fight the Democrat who is ready to struggle for it. Tillman himself is not more useful to the silver cause than journals of this character.

## EXCESSIVE ZEAL.

Mrs. Sophie Lyons, ex-"Queen of Criminals," is not exactly the person to whom a theoretical reformer would apply for ideas about needed reforms in the administration of the laws, but her remarks about her arrest the other day were as just as if they had come from a more reputable source. Mrs. Lyons, having stolen a handsome fortune, resolved some time ago to reform, and live an honest life upon such portions of her earnings as she had been able to save from her lawyers. But instead of treating her with the consideration they extend to great operators who retire on plunder gathered in Wall Street, the police arrested her on Saturday, at the request of a zealous female detective, on the ground that she was a suspicious character.

Mrs. Lyons justly observes that "such an experience as being arrested for simply walking along the street in daylight is not much of an encouragement to continue to be honest." The anxiety of the police to keep notorious criminals under control is commendable, of course, but it ought to be indulged with discretion. A reformed thief has just as much right to appear on the street as a railroad wrecker who has not reformed. One of the chief objects of our laws is to wean criminals from their evil ways. The weaning process will be difficult if we put their liberty at the mercy of any detective who wants to make a record. If a reformed thief is to be arrested merely for existing, there will be no apparent worldly advantage in honesty. Of course, even the police have no power to take away the comfort of an approving conscience, but a long course of training in crime sometimes dulls the appreciation of this luxury to such an extent that it would not be considered sufficient inducement for reform without some material reinforcement.

## MR. WHITNEY'S POSITION.

It is not the part of a good general to underestimate the strength of his enemy. Mr. Whitney is clearly a good general.

His letter of yesterday to the press was made up partly of unanswerable argument, partly of doubtful inference.

To his argument nothing can be added. He has shown clearly the folly of free coinage as either a party proposition or a national programme. He has demonstrated the fact that such a declaration would be a block to bimetallism rather than a step toward it.

But when Mr. Whitney, abandoning economic argument, takes up the personal phase of his present contest, and says that he cannot be nominated by the Chicago Convention, he is gravely in error. And when he goes on to say that if nominated he would not run, and if elected he would not serve, he disappoint tens of thousands of his warm admirers, and deals to the very championship he has undertaken its most serious blow.

If Mr. Whitney goes to Chicago to fight for a conservative money plank, he is likely to win. If he wins, nothing can prevent his being made the Democratic Presidential candidate in this year 1896.

Curiously enough, the State of Illinois has become the dominating factor in Democratic politics to-day. Though carried once only for a Democratic Presidential candidate, it is now prolific of aspirants for the nomination, and the fact that, despite its position as a financial centre, it is committed to the free silver faction will give its delegation unusual influence in the national convention. Morrison and Stevenson, of Illinois, are more than "receptive candidates" for the Democratic nomination, but neither is likely to secure it, for each has dodged or straddled the silver issue, and the Illinois delegation will be wholly dominated by Governor Altgeld, who despises a straddler. The indications have been that the vote of the State in the Chicago Convention would go to Boies, of Iowa, but resurrection of an unwise and intemperate speech denunciatory of labor unions made by him at the time of the Debs strike has very seriously estranged him from the Illinois Democracy, which is emphatically a party close to the people. In watching the course of national politics it will be well to figure upon Judge S. P. McConnell, of Chicago, president of the widely known Iroquois Club of that city, and a man intimately identified with the silver faction of the Democracy. It will not be surprising if Illinois concludes to present to the convention a candidate of her own, and one who has not antagonized organized labor, nor failed to declare in unmistakable phrase his views on the vital question of the day.

President Cleveland must look with envy upon his brother potentate, President Diaz of Mexico, who has just secured his fifth nomination amid an eruption of popular enthusiasm, and with hardly a sign of opposition from any quarter. Diaz is probably the most successful of all the contemporary rulers of the world. He is emphatically the right man for his place. He seems to be precisely the sort of chief the Mexicans want. He governs the country as a dictator under republican forms, ruling mildly but firmly, and intelligently applying the measures best adapted to promote prosperity and order. It is twenty years since Diaz seized the Mexican Government, and in all that time, during which he has held uninterrupted power, either in person or by deputy, there has never been a serious revolution. That is a record that any Spanish-American Republic might envy, but it is only one of the benefits that Mexico owes to her great President.

The trolley accident near Philadelphia yesterday deserves more than passing attention, for it is one that might be duplicated at any time on any line that runs open Summer cars without making any effort to accommodate the number of the passengers to the capacity of the cars. In this case people were swarming over the footboards, as is customary in the excursion season, and when two cars passed each other on parallel tracks there was a crush, and nine passengers were internally injured. A worse disaster than that may happen in Brooklyn on any holiday. On Sunday the Coney Island cars were all crowded to double their capacity, and in many instances 140 passengers were jammed in the space designed for sixty. Some day thirty or forty people will be crushed between two passing cars, and then things will be said.

## Last Week in the British Capital.

London, June 15.—A case of mistaken identity, or of almost double identity, that exceeds belief, was turned up here by the police yesterday. A man who was wanted for deserting his wife was approached by a bobby, who showed him a photograph and said, "Is that you?" The man said, "Yes," and was arrested. He protested that he had not deserted his wife, but the woman came forward and positively identified him. A little later she took another good look at his side face and said as positively that he was not her husband. Now it turns out that he and the true culprit are both thirty-seven years old, are both potmen, are both married, and both have three children.

The Birmingham police are assisting a life insurance company by looking into the death of a servant girl named Finch, who died the other day at the age of twenty-nine. Some time ago she went to a doctor, to consult him for a remedy for hysteria. He told her she was drinking too much. Time passed, and on June 3 the doctor was notified that the girl was dead. At the inquest the police produced two empty brandy bottles, found in her clothes box; but her sister said she did not drink at all, and Mrs. Mason, a baker's wife, for whom she worked, positively declared that the girl had had nothing to drink at that house, where all were temperance people. The deceased's stomach showed chronic inflammation of long standing, but the jury declared her death to be from natural causes. After all this had passed, Mr. Mason presented a claim for $40,000 insurance on her life. He said that Miss Finch had left everything she possessed to Mrs. Mason in her will. The policy was only taken out the middle of last month, and but one quarterly instalment had been paid. The annual premium was $1,000, yet the girl only got $1 a week. It is remembered that when she went to get insured she represented herself as being in independent circumstances, living alone with her maid, and desirous of leaving some support for her nephews and nieces. The insurance people had no idea that she was a servant.

Mrs. Dyer, who was hanged this morning in Newgate Prison, left a maundering statement, in which she attempts to account for the disappearance of the children in whose death her daughter was suspected of being an accomplice. One child, she says, she left in a church porch because she was tired of carrying it. Another child which she was suspected of murdering in her daughter's house, she says, she handed back to its mother. This was the little girl that "Grannie," the old woman who lived with Mrs. Dyer in Reading, deposed she knew had disappeared and that she hated to see go. The whole statement is utterly incredible. One thing she does not simulate, that is the garrulousness and incoherence of a broken-down, old woman. Even when seriously trying to make a statement that would clear up the character of her own people, she forgets names and dates, and repeats herself, just like a mentally incapacitated person. She admits having murdered children, but in some cases is not clear whether certain children were murdered or simply left in the streets.

As to the child she murdered in the house of Mrs. Palmer, her stepdaughter, she says that she had murdered it and done it up in a parcel before she got to Mrs. Palmer's. "When I got to my daughter's door," she says, "I told them they had Mrs. Harris's child, or was going to have it. I am not certain which were the words I used. Anyway, I feel sure they believed what I said was truth. I little thought any one could see the parcel under the sofa, for I tied it up neatly in a napkin."

At this time she had a little boy walking with her, and this child she murdered while her daughter was putting her own baby to bed. This trifling incident in her career she describes in the following language: "My daughter went to her bedroom to wash and dress, and I was left in the sitting room alone. I locked the sitting room door, and I am speaking truthfully when I say no one was in the room with me or knew what I was doing. I unlocked the door and laid the little boy on the sofa and wrapped him up in my large, plaid shawl, and made it appear as though he was asleep. Arthur had not then come home, and when I had tied that boy I was in the room alone, so I am certain no one ever saw what I had in that bag. And I can speak truthfully and say not in any one case have they helped me or knew what I was going to do. I never made her or any one a confidant. What was done I did do myself. My only wonder is I did not murder all in the house when I have had these awful temptations on me."

The Wine Trade Review of this week contains the following notice:

Fermented Liquors and Spirits—William Booth, trading as The Salvation Army, merchant, 98, Clerkenwell-road, E. C. "The essential particular of the trade mark is the device, and the applicant disclaims any right to the exclusive use of the added matter." 190,615.

Labouchere, in Truth, made a short, pithy comment on it which I happened to see, and I sent a Journal reporter down to the Salvation Army headquarters to hear the official explanation of the queer paragraph. The secretary said that the Army had opened depots in Paris for the sale of clothing, boots, bicycles, food, etc., and, in order to prevent any persons selling inferior goods as made by them, the Army had instructed its agent to register a picture of the Arc de Triomphe as the Army's trade mark. This agent had taken out a trade mark to cover everything, whether actually sold by the Army or not, and this included wines, spirits and beer. The secretary said that, of course, the Army did not sell intoxicating drinks of any kind, so Mr. Labouchere's joke fell flat.

JULIAN RALPH.

## The Jesters' Chorus.

Very Liberal.—"So you wish to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, tell me, what can you promise her?"

"Oh, she shall have her share of her income, I assure you."—London Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Moneybagge—My husband didn't have a cent of money when I promised to marry him. He couldn't even buy me a ring.

Sharply—That was what might be called a "short" engagement, eh?—Kansas City World.

"Are you doing anything in the interests of party harmony?"

"Certainly. We have just organized a glee club."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What present popular song did Adam sing in the Garden of Eden?" asked Mr. Richmond of Mr. Calvert, coming downtown in the cars.

"Give it up," said Mr. Calvert, promptly.

"Why, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for Me,'" chuckled Mr. Richmond.—Detroit News.

"Say," whispered the man in the broad-brimmed straw hat to the steamboat clerk, "give me some other stateroom, please. The man you've put me in with is a manufacturer of pure ground spices."

A few minutes later the manufacturer of pure ground spices sauntered up to the clerk's desk.

"Say," he whispered, "can't you let me have some other stateroom? You've put a fellow in with me that makes pure Vermont maple sugar."—Chicago Tribune.

## Some Americans Now in London.

London, June 15.—Miss Fannie Ward, the engaging young ingenue, who is still held in affectionate remembrance by many of the younger generation of New Yorkers, is playing here in "A Night Out" with considerable success, and making many friends in a social way. Miss Ward is chaperoned by her mother, and their "afternoons at home," in their delightful apartments, are attended by many persons of literary and artistic worth.

Dr. De Wolf, who was at one time a well-known physician in Chicago, and whose face and figure bring back agreeable memories of the late W. J. Florence as Bardwell Slote in "The Mighty Dollar," has settled permanently in London as the proprietor of the Keeley cure here, in which capacity he has been brought in contact with some of the brightest minds in England.

Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, the author of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" and other works descriptive of the town which he knows, it is said, as thoroughly as any man living, has given up his house in Chelsea and will spend the Summer in France. In the Autumn Dr. Martin will return to America for a stay of six months or a year. He will be greatly missed by a wide circle of literary and artistic friends, English as well as American, who have profited both by his hospitality and his intimate knowledge of London.

Miss Fay Davis is a young American woman who is rapidly making a name for herself as an entertainer. Miss Davis gives recitations, but that should not be brought up against her, because she recites well and does not bore people or put them to sleep, as so many recitationists do. On the contrary, she interests and amuses her auditors, and very early in her career here she had the good fortune to attract the attention of Mr. Charles Wyndham, who straightway invited her to become a member of his company, where she has since appeared with no small degree of success. Last Monday Miss Davis entertained a fashionable gathering in the drawing room of one of the most popular members of the American Embassy.

Another recitationist who is doing very well in London is Miss Helen Mar, as she is known professionally, or Mrs. Steele Mackaye, as she is remembered in America. Miss Mar came here shortly after Mr. Mackaye's death and has been heard in a great many drawing rooms during the present season. It is to be hoped that the success of these ladies will not give any marked degree of impetus to the generally unworthy profession of reciting.

J. H. Ryley and Mrs. Ryley (Madeleine Lucette) are living in St. John's Wood, where they have taken apartments for the Summer. They expect to arrange for a London production of a new play from the pen of Mrs. Ryley, whose "Christopher, Jr.," was a success at the Empire in New York last season.

JAMES L. FORD.

## LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

What an amusing circus the Parisians do manage to make of literature and art when they really put their minds to it! We, over here, with all our present enthusiasm for toy magazines, for dime museum literature generally, have hardly learned the A-B-C of the art of making the world at large take the same sort of interest in artists and writers that it does in, say, operatic stars.

For instance, here is the first number of a new quarterly, "The Centaur." Its actual contents are not especially exciting; if one reads the "Savoy" or the "Yellow Book" one knows the sort of thing this is. The cover is green; there are lithographs, etchings and black-and-whites in other mediums. Such artists as Leandre, Rops and Anquetin are among the contributors. The writing is no yellower than the things being done lately in our own tongue; though it has, of course, that lovely French frankness that puts the genuine labels on all the frothier things of life.

But all that is merely the side show. The real fun begins when you consider the advertisements, the prefaces, the editorial remarks.

The magazine has about eight editors. That title, it seems, is thrown in gratis to all contributors. And here is an advertisement concerning them:

The editors of the "Centaur"
Dine every Monday evening
at the Cafe —,
Boulevard St. Michel.

Think of the chances our magazine owners have been missing all these years! Consider the mere cash value of announcing publicly that on the 20th of the month the editors of the "Century" would sit at meat with the Franklin Square contingent at such and such a public place! The gate money, one thinks, might easily be made to cover the cost of the dinner and the advertisement. There are without any doubt countless persons in this town who would go miles and pay many shekels to see such a sight as that of Professor Brander Matthews taking tea with Edward W. Bok, or that of Stephen Crane carving a steak, rare, for a syndicate!

Then there is another great idea that does not seem to have occurred to any save Parisians. By way of end pages to this quarterly is given a list of all the books ever written by each contributor. Think of the sensation possible by publishing the names of the volumes written by the writers for, say, "Munsey's" But that is not all; the Frenchmen go further yet; they give a list of what the inkspillers in question are going to write. If one started this scheme here the paper mills would make too much money. A list of the books we want to write might wear out the typesetting machines.

The inability of the foreigner and brother to say "the," it seems, will yet found a new literary style. In Stephen Crane's latest published novel, "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," the literary evolution of the dialect of the East Side progresses. Mr. Crane, it will be observed, does not always follow the author of "Chimmie Fadden," another eminent authority. Mr. Townsend is a humorist; Mr. Crane is a realist, and they not unnaturally select those members of the alphabet that aid them best. Every one at once sees that the aspect of "wot t'ell" is humorous. On the contrary, the grave and the mysterious dash, appropriately flanked, of Mr. Crane's "what d' h—ll" is serious, even tragic. These variants are important, for if we trust these writers, when the people of the East Side lack ideas or expression they use a comprehensive "hell" in one or the other of these forms. Mr. Crane, who is rapidly carrying forward the boundaries of speech, has evolved the combination "heluva." It has been objected that the sound is in fact the same as in the more scrupulous enunciation of Murray Hill. However, in print, the eye supplants the ear, and "heluva" is typographically decorative, as are the "intch," "gota," "outa" with which Mr. Crane adorns these new pages. It should be remembered at the same time by this interesting new writer that these expressions are not of themselves literature. This is a warning, although one not as yet deserved, as the readers of "Maggie" will find.

### Our Foreign Relations.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Our foreign relations with New Jersey will now be more amicable than ever.

## Information for the People.

### Entering the Navy.

Editor Journal:
How can a man enter the United States Navy—that is: 1. At what age? 2. To whom shall I apply? 3. And what wages do they pay a fresh man who has never been on shipboard before, etc.? CONSTANT READER.
New York, June 14.
1. Eighteen. 2. Receiving ship, Brooklyn Navy Yard. 3. $16. This question has been often asked, and will not be answered again.

### See Last Tuesday's Journal.

Editor Journal:
I have been asked several times the meaning of the expression 16 to 1 as often appearing in the newspapers in relation to the gold and silver question. THOMAS MITCHELL.
New York, June 15.
Sixteen grains of pure silver to one of pure gold, whereas now the commercial value is about 29 silver to 1 gold in present silver dollar, which is now worth about sixty cents.

### No Official Poland.

Editor Journal:
Is there in New York City a Polish Consul or any official representative of Poland? CONSTANT READER.
New York, June 16.
Russia, Austria and Germany divided all Poland between themselves and Poland is no more.

### Her Own Attorney.

Editor Journal:
1. In applying for a pension is it best to employ a pension lawyer? 2. Would the widow succeed just as well by making application herself to the Commissioner of Pensions, in Washington, D. C.? MARY SMITH.
Brooklyn, June 10.
1. Not ordinarily. 2. Yes.

### Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C.

Editor Journal:
How can I obtain information in relation to an estate of a deceased relative in Brazil? READER.
Providence, R. I., June 15.

### English Wills.

Editor Journal:
1. Can a person get a copy of a will filed about twelve years ago in England? 2. If so, where apply? 3. Fees? E. C. L. W.
1. Yes. 2. Comptroller of Legacy and Succession Duties, Somerset House, London, England. 3. Fees depend on length of will, about 40 cents per folio.

### Rights of Naturalized Citizens.

Editor Journal:
A native of Germany migrates to the United States previous to his being drafted for military duty in the German Army and becomes a citizen of the United States. Can he be seized and compelled to serve in the German Army while travelling in Germany, providing he has his passport? F. AND K.
New York, June 16.
No.

### England Cannot Claim Them.

Editor Journal:
A native-born American citizen, while in England on private business, has children born to him. 1. Are they American citizens and entitled to the protection of the United States? 2. Are they entitled to vote without taking out papers when they become of age? 3. Can England claim as her subjects any children born under the above conditions? AMERICAN CITIZEN.
1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No.

### Can Become a Citizen.

Editor Journal:
Can I become a citizen, I have been in this country five years and a half and have my first papers over four years? H. D. B.
New York, June 15.
Five years continuous residence in the United States and one year in State or Territory. Apply for final certificate.

### Letter Carriers.

Editor Journal:
I desire to be a letter carrier. 1. To whom shall I apply for same, and 2, can I receive a Civil Service examination at once or must I await my turn? 3. State the different salaries paid to the carriers. CARRIER.
New York, June 15.
1. Secretary United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. 2. Await your turn. 3. First year, salary, $600; second, $800, third and following years, $1,000.

### Newspaper Mail Rates.

Editor Journal:
A paper published in New York has second class rates for twelve pages. Can it make a special issue for a certain subject, double its pages, and, perhaps, add a cover for that issue, and mail at such rates without notifying the postmaster of its intention? PUZZLED EDITOR.
New York, June 11.
Second class rates depend on weight, not on pages. If special issue is not for advertising it goes by second class rates.

### Marriage Is Legal.

Editor Journal:
Is a marriage legal which is performed without any witnesses, in New York State? M. C.

### Liability of Lawyers' Title Ins. Co.

Editor Journal:
How can I ascertain if certain lots I purchased are recorded in my name in Harrison, N. Y.?
How far is the Lawyers' Title Insurance Company liable under its policy of title as to taxes? F. J. M.
Write County Clerk Westchester County, White Plains. Up to date of its policy.

### Brazilian Coffee Land.

Editor Journal:
How can I find employment on a Brazilian coffee plantation to learn the methods of coffee raising?
Where can I get the names of owners and location and prices of several desirable plantations in the hilly regions of Brazil?
New York, June 11. A PLANTER.
Write to Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C.

### Relationship of Father and Daughter.

Editor Journal:
I purchased a house and grounds in New Jersey for cash and had the papers made out in my wife's name. She died leaving one daughter, age, nine years.
1. To whom does this property now go?
2. And if to my daughter, do I not have some interest in it? I have had a guardian appointed for this daughter.
3. Can he adopt her to strangers without my consent?
4. If my daughter should die before reaching her majority to whom then does the property go? S. W. J.
New York, June 13.
1 and 2. To your daughter, but you have a life interest in it. 3. No, unless you die or become hopelessly intemperate or insane or abandon her. 4. To her mother's family if she leaves no issue.

### Real Estate Bought with Pension Money.

Editor Journal:
Is there a law in this State exempting real estate purchased with pension money from taxation, both school and State tax? DOCTOR.
Cadyville, June 11.

### No Bigamy in Second Marriage.

Editor Journal:
My wife deserted me February 22, 1891. I have not seen or heard of her since, cannot trace her.
1. Am I free to marry now?
2. Can I be prosecuted for bigamy? VERITAS.
1. Yes, if you believe her to be dead. 2. No.

### It Was Given to the Press.

Editor of Journal:
This morning's Herald claims that President Cleveland's statement was given out to the Herald, as it appeared in all the morning papers. Was this statement made to the Herald, as they would have their readers believe, or to the press? E. KINCAID.

### Tom Reed Its Author.

Speaker Thomas B. Reed was given great prominence several weeks ago because he described Mr. McKinley as a straddle bug. This remark was repeated as an evidence of Mr. Reed's humor.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis ("Dan Quin") used this expression several months ago in speaking of Allison, who he said was "neither a gold bug, nor a silver bug, but a straddle bug."

Whether it was original with Mr. Lewis we do not know.—Pocket Magazine for June.

Mr. Reed invented the term "straddle bug" as descriptive of a certain sort of gold-silver man who was for both metals to such an extent that he was really for neither, as far away as two years ago. It struck me as a good thing, and I afterward used it. A. H. L.

### Chicago to the Fore.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

There never should be another national convention in St. Louis. Next month Chicago will show the country how to handle such an affair right.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Just as the Teutonic got well under way yesterday a tall, silk-hatted man rushed wildly into the dock, waving an umbrella feverishly toward the North River.

"My wife!" he gasped, when he had breath enough. The other people, still cheering and fluttering handkerchiefs, paid no attention. A few smiled; that was all.

"Great Scott, my wife!" he shouted again! "My wife!".

This time one of the officials overheard him. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong? Great Scott! My wife and I going to Europe—said I'd meet her on board—block in traffic delayed me—and may I be shot if my wife isn't on that boat, and here am I on this dock. When she finds out I'm left I know she'll have a fit, and"——

Just then another man came up and accosted the man who had lost his wife. "Hallo! Tom; thought you were going"——

And then came a repetition of the tale of woe.

"Oh," said the friend, "there's no great harm done. I know the missus. She's a sensible woman; she'll have a good time as soon as the first sensation wears off."

"By ginger!" said the benedict; "I believe that's a fact. And, to tell the truth, I believe it's just as well. I hadn't really any business leaving the office, and I reckon I'll just cable her she can trot around alone over there. She's got an aunt in Paris, and"——

"Say, Tom," put in the friend, "there's another thing. New York's a pretty good town in Summer if you only know how to"——

They stopped and looked at each other for a few seconds. Then they both burst out laughing. "That's a fact," said the grass widower. "Fred, if we don't make a Summer of it here, you and I, my name isn't"——

"Mr. Spardon?" It was the timekeeper, who had just approached, and he looked inquiringly at both of the gentlemen.

"Well," said the man without a wife, "what is it?"

"That your name? Well, there's a lady in the office looking for you—your wife. Says she"——

The two friends looked at each other, and looked out to sea again.

"Oh, ——!" said the benedict.

Two tall, slender, good looking young men, wearing long frock coats and silk hats, sauntered out of a Broadway cafe a few evenings ago and walked down to Twenty-third street and then westward to Sixth avenue. Just beyond the stairs leading to the downtown side of the Elevated railroad sat a blind man, pulling at a discordant accordeon, while a middle-aged woman, poorly dressed, was singing, in a shrill voice, "She May Have Seen Better Days." Occasionally a passer-by would stop, listen a moment, may be drop a penny in a small tin cup attached to the blind man's accordeon, and then hurry on.

The tall young men stopped in front of the singer.

"Say, Bill," said one to the other, "let's give 'em a benefit."

"What!"

"Let's give 'em a benefit—you take that old accordeon and strike a few chords and I'll sing the old woman a parody on 'She May Have Seen Better Days' that'll fill that tin cup with nickels and dimes."

"All right; let 'er go."

In a few moments the two well dressed young men had taken the places of the mendicants. The player drew a few astonishing notes from the dilapidated instrument, and the singer began a rollicking parody in a strong, cultivated baritone. Before the song was finished a crowd of fully a hundred people had gathered.

"Now step up and help the old people along," said the singer, "and I'll give you something better."

The people pressed forward and silver and nickels rained into the tin cup. When everybody had had a chance to contribute the young man began another song. He had only got about half way through the song when he heard a commotion on the outer edge of the crowd.

"Here, move on! What d'ye mane by crowdin' up the strate that way? Git out o' here!"

"It's a cop," said the singer to the player. "Ring down the curtain!"

The accordeon was hastily handed back to the blind man and the two impromptu performers made their escape from the crowd. Their benefit netted the old couple nearly $5, which is not at all astonishing, as the singer is one of the most popular vaudeville performers in the country.

### Sea Dreams in the City.

Far from the noisy city's glaring pave
The rolling billow breaks upon the shore;
The sail is dimpling on the distant wave
That rolls in madcap joy the wind before;
The blue gull circles indolently o'er
The cloud ship that is drifting down the sky,
White as a lily with a golden core,
Or as the dainty sculptures that we spy—
A white rose dream upon the fragile fleeting pie.

I see the small boy with his pail and spade
Building the fort the waves will wash away;
I see fair Angelina shyly wade
Into the water through the wind-tossed spray,
It is a perfect, shining Summer day,
And, while I hear the ocean's endless boom,
And in a day dream smoke my Henry Clay,
And watch its smoke wreaths softly drift and bloom,
I languish on a trunk in a hot hall bedroom.

Yet I am looking on the back yard where
A parched red rose is fading on a slat;
No gracious raindrop comes to cool the air,
No gentle breeze drifts through the mildewed flat.
The moth lays eggs upon the urban cat
That doth the alien window sill usurp.
Ah, now I note the swallow and the bat
And hear the stray mosquito's wistful chirp,
And sympathize with yon chain-choked cur's purpled purp.

Now to the high roof garden will I go,
And breathe the air that savors of the sea,
And dream about the swirling undertow
And of the fabled serpent in its glee;
Then while the music's flowing wild and free,
And the sea nymph is singing at my ear,
I'll order in my boundless revel-ree
The servitor most quickly to appear,
And then joy's shore I'll find in seas of foaming beer.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.